

## Man's Finest Hours

Man's finest hours – mortal's best  
emerge all bruised and torn,  
quite unaware God's perfect rest:  
endeavor, human-born.

Yet, other souls, in humble trust  
wait upon God's power,  
to rise blood-bought victorious  
above the cruelest hour.

To never strive (tho' told we should),  
our thoughts and deeds must soar,  
(and labor not, as mortals would)  
to land on heaven's shore.

Ours is, but, to hear and obey,  
to follow close Christ's Way:  
Ask? Receive? Only then achieve?  
"No! I'll do it MY way."

Man's finest hours are well meant  
and, yes, might reach mountain height;  
but, soon they tumble down, worldly-spent:  
man's unblessed, earthbound plight.